THE OLD SEXTON

"I gather them in and their final rest,
Is here, down here, on the earth's dark breast."

WORDS BY

PARK BENJAMIN, ESQ.

Music Composed & respectfully dedicated to

William Babcock, Esq.

BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

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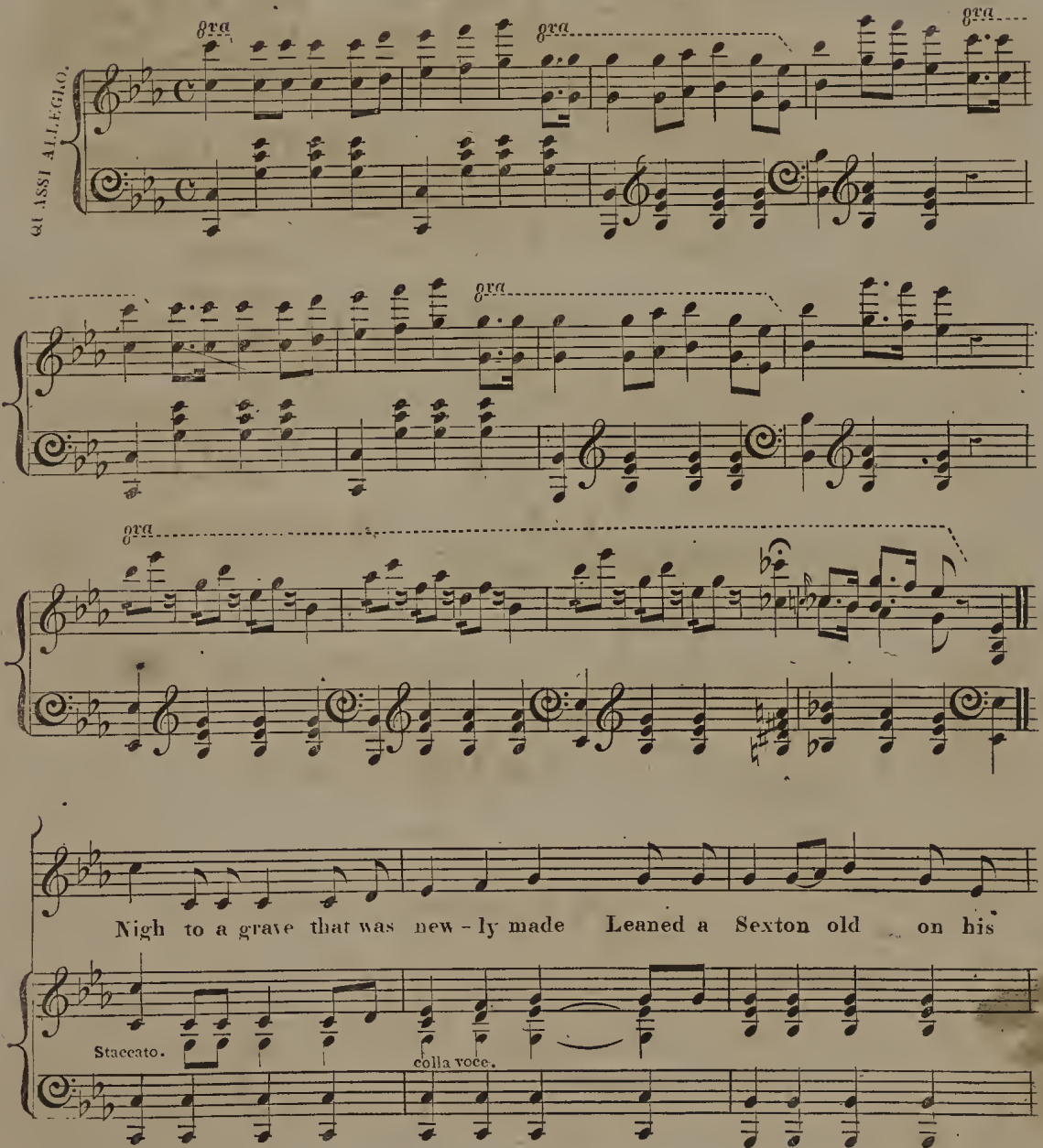
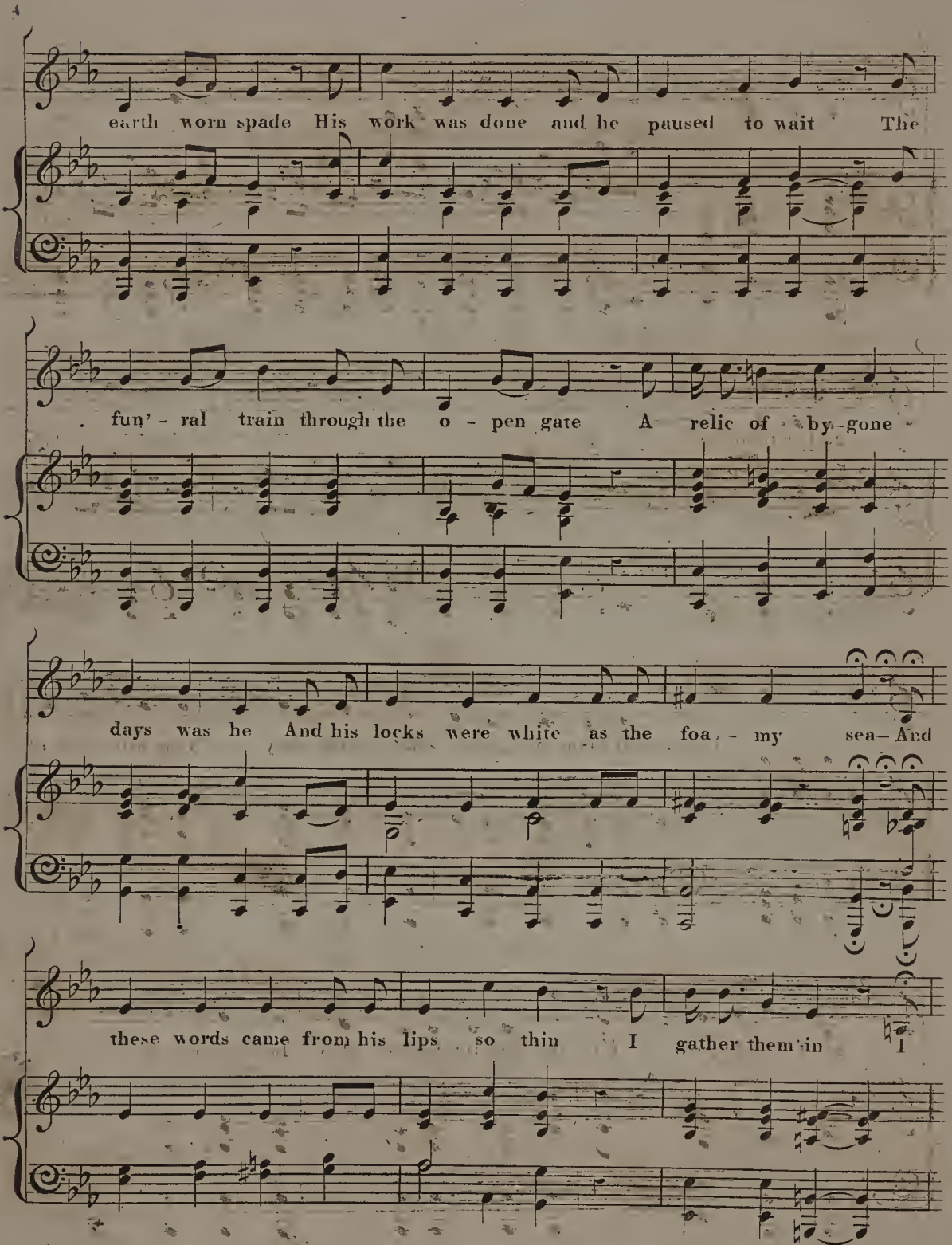
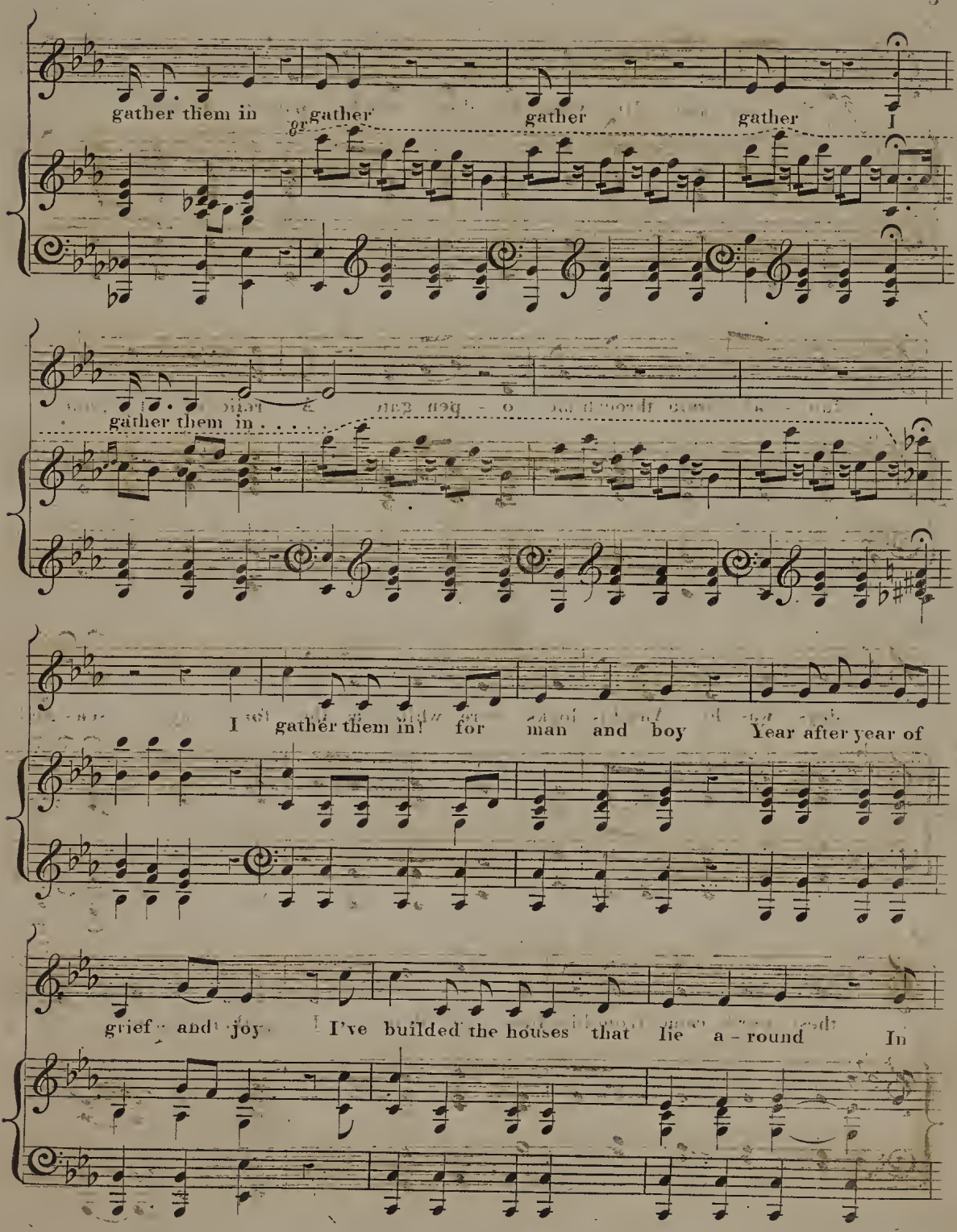
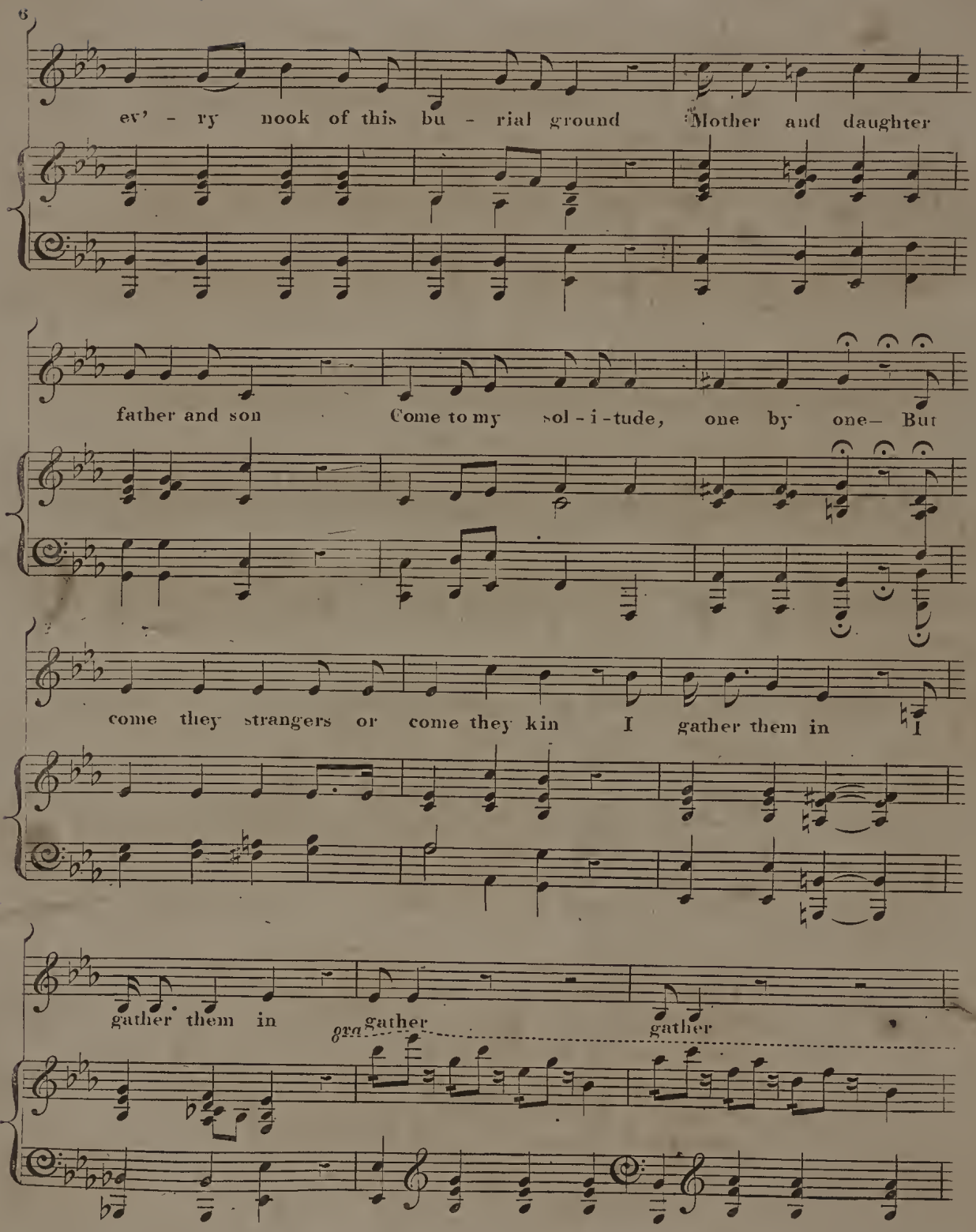
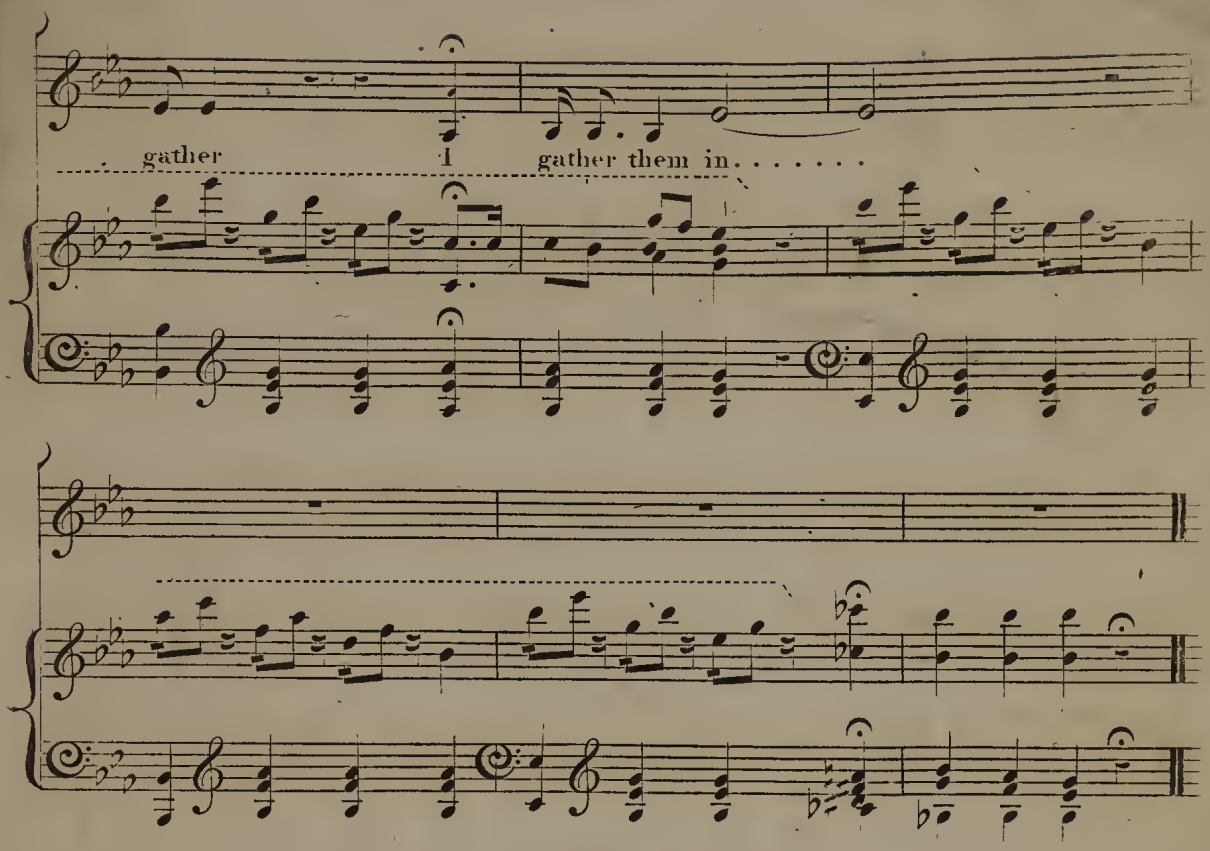



earth worn spade His work was done and he paused to wait The
fun' - ral train through the o - pen gate A relic of by-gone
days was he And his locks were white as the foa - my sea— And
these words came from his lips so thin I gather them in I


gather them in
gather
gather
gather
I
gather them in . . . .
I gather them in! for man and boy Year after year of
grief and joy I've builded the houses that lie a - round In


6
ev' - ry nook of this bu - rial ground Mother and daughter
father and son Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one— But
come they strangers or come they kin I gather them in I
gather them in
gra gather
gather



3

Many are with me but still I'm alone
I'm king of the dead – and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold
Come they from cottage or come they from hall
Mankind are my subjects – all, all, all
Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin–
I gather them in! I gather them in!

4

I gather them in – and their final rest
Is here down here in the earth's dark breast
And the sexton ceased – for the funeral train
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain
And I said to my heart – when time is told
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din –
I gather them in! I gather them in!